

## TORY VIEWS.

(Cable to the New York Herald.)

LONDON, December 27.—An important question is just now secretly agitating Conservatives, Gladstonians and Parnellites. In the inner circles of political life nothing compares with it in interest. It is this: Are the Government getting ready for a general election? Observant eyes detect many little signs that they are. There is great activity at the Treasury and a general shaking up of the local organisations.

One of the chief Gladstonians admitted to me yesterday that his party are entirely at the mercy of the enemy just now. "We have no money," he said, "and very few friends. Some of our best supporters have intimated that they wash their hands finally of Home Rule. Parnell and Company have completely knocked the bottom out of that. I don't see how Humpty-Dumpty is to be set on his legs again."

"Then," I asked, "why does not the Old Man say so at once?" "How can he?" replied his staunch supporter. "The McCarthy lot would come down upon us at once. They would say:—'We have given up Parnell and shattered our organisation for you, and now you basely desert us.' All Ireland would cry out against us. Something may occur to give us an opening out of the difficulty, but at present the Tories have got us in a crack." But what do the Tories say? I spoke to a very powerful member of the party to-day, and I know that his views are shared by more than one member of the Ministry. "We have got all the best of them, no doubt," said he, "but you must consider many things before plunging into a general election. How are we off for money?"

"Better off a good deal than the other side," I remarked. "Yes, that is quite true, but still we are not so well off as we ought to be. The Baring affair hit some of our people pretty hard. You have no idea what many of our most liberal supporters have lost in the Argentines. Then Goschen has offended the big brewers and distillers, who have usually subscribed largely to a campaign fund. We should not get much out of them just now."

"Pockets are buttoned up tight all round. Local organisations are poor. Recollect they have had to fight two contested elections within five years; they don't want any more at present."

"Still," I suggested, "you will scarcely find any one who doubts that Lord Salisbury would get another seven years of power if he appealed to the country now?"

"I agree with that view," replied my friend, "but we must consider what our people in the country wish. I tell you they do not want another election. Trade is not good generally, and they are in favour of letting this Parliament run on another year, or at least till next autumn. I rather think that is the view taken in the very high quarter, which has also to be consulted."

"We need not be in a hurry, I think. The Gladstonians cannot get over the knock-down blow they have received. Where are they now? Associated with Patrick Ford, Michael Davitt, and all that crowd. The moment they go before the country they will be pulled to pieces. We can wait, and not much will be risked by delay."

"If I were you I should tell your constituents to expect another chance of electing you some time next July or August. It is all up with the Old Man, any way. There will be no more Irish alliance in our time. Parnell has smashed the machine. More power to his elbow."

A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

## ENGLAND AS A SHELTER FOR VENDETTAS.

THE *Weekly Register* contains this article on the murderer of Minister Rossi, of Ticino, and the action of the English Government:

Castioni, the man accused of the murder of Rossi, during the recent so-called Revolution in Ticino, has been allowed, by the law of England, to make good his escape from justice. Declaring that his brother, who had been punished four years ago for political crimes, should be avenged, Castioni seized the occasion of the rising at Ticino to shoot one of the Ministers whom the populace ineffectually sought to oust. The assassin fled to England, and was arrested; and he would naturally, one thinks, be handed over to the authorities of his own country. The law of extradition recognises, however, a distinction between political and other crime, and Castioni was adjudged a political offender, and was consequently set at large. Strange to say, this decision has the full approval of the *Times*. That paper has quite another gospel for Ireland. It would have denounced any Government which had given sanctuary to a Phoenix Park murderer; and to-morrow it will applaud Mr. Balfour if he demands from the Canadian authorities the arrest of Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien. For our own part, while welcoming the laws which allow exiles of the class which range from the Comte de Paris to General Boulanger and Prince Krapotkin a home in England, we think nothing can be more confusing at home, or more amazing abroad, than the decision which frees Castioni from the judgment of his countrymen and the penalty of his crime. We see that the *Univers*, in expressing a similar opinion, goes so far as to regret that Sir Charles Russell should have held the brief for Castioni. That is quite another affair. It will be an evil day for accused persons when they can be defended only by counsel who share their views, and are persuaded at first glance of their innocence. It is a tribute to the judicial manners and methods of even the prosecuting and defending counsel in English Courts that the barrister is frequently entrusted with cases which do not win the sympathies of the man.

The cave occupied by Jesse James and the Younger boys in Minnesota was found by a party of hunters. There was accommodation for thirty. The place is as impregnable as Gibraltar, and twenty men, with plenty of ammunition, could hold it against a regiment for a month.

## HIS HARDEST CHRISTMAS.

"ABOUT as tough a Christmas as I ever passed," said the Hon. Amos J. Cummings, "was in the army of the Potomac. It was near the banks of the Rappahannock in 1862. There was a very cold snap and several pickets were frozen to death. I had expected to receive a box from home filled with killiknick, plum-pudding, soy, and other delicacies. It did not come. Christmas day was cold and gloomy. Even the fresh beef rations had given out, and nothing was left but salt pork and hard tack. We had good coffee, taken from a blockade runner, but no sugar."

"After dark a Sergeant proposed that we should creep under a building near brigade headquarters, where quartermaster's supplies were stored. The Sergeant had found an augur in a Confederate cellar; if we could creep under the shanty without being discovered, we proposed to bore through the flooring in search of a barrel of whiskey. I think I crept upon my stomach for forty yards before I got under the building. It was quite a dark night, but the snow had melted away, and the ground was very wet. I could hear the sentries at brigade headquarters coughing and spitting and cursing the cold weather."

"The Sergeant joined me half an hour later, and drew the augur out from his pocket. Our wet clothes froze stiff. Our hands were numb, and we had great difficulty in working the augur. The first barrel we struck was not a success. A stream of brine poured down our backs, and I was glad to move along. The next barrel seemed to be a barrel of molasses. This, mixed with the brine, produced a sticky effect. We bored into ten or twelve barrels, and finally struck what we had first thought was the good old stuff. It turned out to be, however, a keg of yeast. Concluding that this was the best we could do, we filled our canteens with yeast and spent an hour sneaking from cover. It was half-past twelve when I crawled into my tent. I started a fire in the little mud chimney, and we had a royal old time with the yeast."

"Not long afterwards my brother crept into the tent. He had been on guard at Division headquarters. His eyes were glowing with excitement."

"What have you got, Charley?" I asked.

"Sugar," he replied.

"It was just what we wanted for your coffee."

"Where is it?" the Sergeant asked.

"I got up and felt of his pockets, but there was nothing there. We pulled off his cap, fancying that it might be tucked away over his head. But we could not find it."

"A quiet but confident air remained upon his features. After we had blessed him, soldier fashion, for lying, he turned his musket upside down and poured a pound or more of sugar out of its barrel. 'It was the only way I could get away with it,' he said, 'for they searched us when we came off guard.'"

"On the next morning there was a great commotion at Brigade Headquarters. The brine had been drained from three pork barrels. A barrel of molasses had run out upon the ground below the shanty, and two negroes were scraping it up, with visions of molasses candy before their eyes. But this was not the worst. Two holes had been bored into a rude coffin, containing the remains of the son of a prominent official, who had been killed in a previous engagement."

"The corpse had been wrapped in a blanket and buried nearby, and his father had come down to get the body before warm weather set in. I felt badly, but my sorrow was tempered when I remembered that the Sergeant had done the boring in that part of the shanty where the coffin rested."—Exchange.

## LORD SALISBURY'S OFFENSIVENESS.

THE London *Tablet* thus comments on a late speech of the Prime Minister's:—Lord Salisbury's speech was marked by a certain brutality of tone which is characteristic of him, and also singularly out of place in the utterances of a Unionist Minister. In this respect Lord Salisbury presents a marked contrast to Mr. Balfour's remarks about individual members of the Nationalist party, which are often biting enough, and with good cause, but his speeches are without a trace of that contempt and stupid scorn for a whole people which are so often present in the speeches of the Prime Minister. The hope that the three peoples may come to forget all sectional differences, and, under equal laws, and in the enjoyment of an equal freedom, be welded into one united nation, is at once the strength and the justification of the Unionist party. Lord Salisbury seems to think he promotes the cause of the Union by constantly alluding to Ireland, not as an integral part of the United Kingdom, but as a conquered province. Recently he discoursed much upon the obligation we incurred when we conquered Ireland, and also upon the sort of resolute government which a people is entitled to expect when "geographical or other considerations force you to take away their independence." If ever the cause of the Union fails, it will be because it has received its worst wounds from the tongue of Lord Salisbury.

Dr. Heinrich Schliemann, the archaeologist, is dead.

Readers of the American cablegrams published recently must have been puzzled at seeing that although Mr. T. P. O'Connor signed the protest against Mr. Parnell's continued leadership, Mr. T. P. O'Connor also made a speech declaring that it would be the basest of treachery to abandon the old chief of the party. The solution of the mystery is that there are two T. P. O'Connors; and T. P. of Chicago is an extremist whose views are in the flattest contradiction on many points with his namesake, T. P., late of the *Star*. This is not the first time that the newspapers have confused one with the other, and Primrose orators have before this quoted with glee dynamite speeches by the American T. P. under the impression that they had been made by the Irish member.